

La Vigna

VOLUME XI

SPRING ISSUE

April 1993

PASQUALE CHIANESE 1919 - 1992

The untimely death of Pasquale "Pat" Chianese on Sunday, Dec. 20 1992 shocked all who knew and loved him.

Pat was one of the kindest, most sensitive, intelligent human beings I've had the privilege to know. He was a loving, proud and caring husband, father, grandfather and true friend to his immediate family.

As the American born son of Italian immigrant parents, Pat exuded pride in his Italian heritage. One of the best things to ever happen to me was to inherit Pat as a Cousin. Pat was a First Cousin to my wife Jennie.

Pat was one of the "G.I. Generation" those 15 million Americans who helped stem the tide and ultimately defeat the European/Asian tyrants of World War II. He was one of Trenton's earliest draftees, who as a group, were quickly shipped out to the threatened Alaskan Aleutian Islands, where he nearly lost his life. That miraculous scary incident deserves to be fully recounted as part of an unusual G.I.'s experience in World War II.

The moving Eulogies delivered by Pat's daughters Katherine and Mary Lynn, followed by that of his oldest grandson Paul Slaninka will ring out again and again in the minds of those who attended the Church services.

(Continued on page 2)

[Editor's note: The speeches of his two daughters and the oldest grandchild are published in this LaVigna and begin below. Other remembrance of Pat are found throughout this issue.]

Pat's Daughter Speaks

It's so very odd, the different things that go through your mind during this time, so many mixed emotions. Yesterday morning I woke up and thought about the movie "It's a Wonderful Life", the Christmas movie with Jimmy Stewart. I was thinking how Jimmy's character George reminded me so much of Dad.

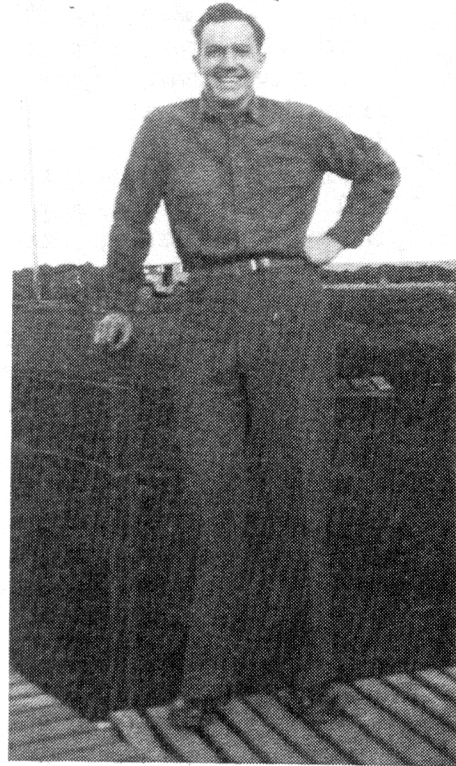
I thought of how dedicated Dad was to his family and how truly honorable he was when it came to his lifestyle. I remember when he would come home after a long day at work, he would be sitting at the dinner table listening to the chattering of his wife and daughters. He would try to say something and it would

(Continued on page 2)

He Taught Me To Do What Makes Me Happy

Dad taught me many things. He taught me to love music and as you know he loved to sing. He taught me to stand up tall with my head up and it'll give me confidence. He taught me to look at everything in life as a great experience, no matter what it was. This is a man that got called for jury duty four times in his life, he never complained; it was a great privilege to him, he loved every minute of it. He taught me to do what makes me happy in life; life is too short to waste any time. He taught me that women can do anything and no one should ever tell us differently. He taught me that all people are truly created equal.

(Continued on page 2)



Paul's Speech at the Funeral

I had been out Christmas shopping with my girlfriend and when I came home saw my Mom, Dad and sister sitting together on the couch crying and I immediately asked, "Who died?" When they told me my grandfather had died, I smiled as I thought about him and my memories of him, which will always be of him smiling from ear to ear. (Continued on page 2)

BEST SAID BEFORE

While going through some of Pat's papers I came across this note that I had given him this summer and I am grateful that I gave it to him so he would know how I felt about him before he died. "Oh, the comfort--- the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts, nor measure words-- but pouring them all right out--just as they are--chaff and grain together--certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them--keep what is worth keeping--and with the breath of kindness blow the rest away."

On the back I had written, "This is how I feel about you. I figured I'd better tell you before we die. I love you. Jane.

(from Pat's wife, Jane E. Chianese)

Paul's speech - continued from P. 1

Whenever we visited my grandparent's house, my grandfather and I would pretend we were cowboys with our hands in our pockets and as we came toward each other pulling out our hand to "draw" and shake hands. He had the strongest handshake of anyone I know. When the feeling would finally return in my hand, I would realize that that handshake was so strong because it held all the love he felt for me.

I have many good memories of my grandfather at the beach getting so dark in the sun, cheating at almost every game and getting away with it, and falling asleep in the den but only admitting to "resting his eyes."

I know that everyone here has a memory of my grandfather and I ask that each of you here today share those memories with my younger cousins so that they will always remember the grandfather that I was lucky enough to know for 22 years. I want them to remember him like I will forever.

Now I ask each of you to bow your heads. God, please take care of my grandfather and give him the happiness in heaven that he gave to everyone on this earth. God bless you Grandpop and Merry Christmas...

Paul Slaninka, Pat's eldest grandson

PAT CHIANESE by Robert Immordino
(continued from page 1)

To me it was highly significant that a Nun, Sister Eileen (not a Priest) delivered the Cemetery blessing. Pat and his lovely wife Jane gave the world five sweet young ladies. Listening to Sister Eileen must have caused Pat to silently smile knowing that a woman was there to Bless him as he was about to be interred at St. Mary's Cemetery.

It has been said that when an older person dies a library is lost. More than a library was lost with Pat's death, for in the words of the English Historian Carlyle, "The work that a...good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green."

Pat, we salute you. Rest in Peace

Pat's Daughter - cont'd from P. 1

never fail, one of us would interrupt him or talk over him. The poor guy never had a chance. Then when dinner was over he would always want to show you an easier way to do the dishes, that had to be the army influence. Then I can remember going to my dad for just a yes or no answer. Not Dad. He wanted to elaborate on whatever the question was, giving all aspects to the answer. After all; this was his chance to get a word in and take some time with just you and not the entire gang at the dinner table. Of course I didn't appreciate that until I was older, just taking time out to talk together with Dad.

There was only a few times that we saw Dad angry and it was usually because we weren't helping Mom, who he absolutely cherished. Another time I saw Dad with a serious stern look was when a boy came to call. No smile, just the strongest handshake he could muster up and a very watchful eye.

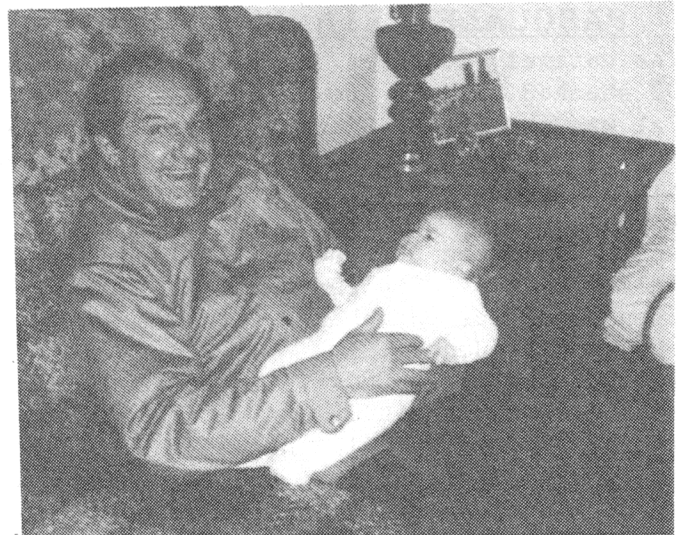
(Continued on Page 7)

He Taught Me - continued from P. 1

My father was always there, giving us confidence. He always saw good in everyone even when they hurt him. He never gave up hope that people are good. He would do anything for anybody, and usually did.

You were too good for this earth, Dad. You are where you belong. You will be truly missed.

by Katherine A. Chianese, youngest
daughter of Pat and Jane Chianese



Pat Chianese and grandchild

REMEMBER - PICNIC

LA VIGNA FAMILY PICNIC - JULY 11

THINK ABOUT IT

by Robert Immordino

Nine years ago on a December 1983 morning, an idea gave birth to our family newspaper, appropriately titled "La Vigna". Present at La Vigna's birthing site (90 Eggerts Road, Lawrenceville, N.J.) were the late Rose C. Bilancio (1916-1988), Roberta Immordino, Franny Bilancio, Angelica Roberts and Corinne Bilancio.

Where are the founders of La Vigna today? Rose answered her creator's call, at Helene Fuld Hospital on Thursday afternoon August 18, 1988; Roberta then as now lives in Palo Alto, California; Fran & Angelica have now been residing in Michigan for several years and Corinne, a recent bride, who had been the heart of La Vigna for years, lives with her husband Peter in Denmark. Time marches on.

Two of the "workhorses" whose early efforts successfully launched La Vigna were Clara and Dean Acquaviva. Interestingly when Corinne left for Denmark, Clara and Dean came forth again to contribute their talents assuring the uninterrupted continuance of La Vigna. Appreciative readers of La Vigna are indebted to them. Thank you Clara and Dean. Prior to Angelica's move to Michigan she had been a "key figure" in the life of La Vigna. We will be eternally grateful to Angelica for her important role in moving La Vigna forward. Last but not least the late Rose Bilancio quietly kept nudging and helping all of the foregoing along. Thank you Rose for we know that the ethereal waves keep you advised of La Vigna's progress.

It should be noted that though they are no longer with us, those who indirectly made La Vigna possible were "THE SIX" (see page for more details). "THE SIX" left 17 children (second generation) to carry on their family values, traditions and heritage. Speaking of the second generation let us be fully mindful that they tire more easily, at their ages, and that their ranks are thinning out much faster than even they realize.

The third, fourth and succeeding generations have a responsibility to "chip in" and help keep La Vigna, a vibrant throbbing family organ. In the entire country there are not many families that publish their own newspaper and even fewer "Italian" families that do.

(Continued on page 4)

MY BROTHER PAT

by Leo Chianese

Helper in all things, unassuming, charitable to a fault.

Ideal brother, scholar (he skipped a grade in grammar school), mechanic, friend, husband, father, grandfather, pinochle player, soldier, administrator, best man at my wedding.

Pat was a strong man, in body, in mind, and in soul. He never complained. As a soldier he was sent to counter Japan's first attempt to capture American territory--the Aleutian Islands. And there he remained on those barren uninhabited God-forsaken Arctic islands for a week--for a month--for years! But he told his cousin Lew, also a veteran of that war that, things evened up when he met and married Jane.

He accepted the cards destiny dealt him, gave a shy smile, his eyes twinkled and in pinochle as well as in life--he did his best--and that was excellent.

He was my best friend, my best playmate, and he played fair and square - always.

He left a void, and how he is missed! But he also left monuments: Susan,

Claudia, Mary Lynn, Angela, Katherine, the Economy Auto Parts, and much more for he left augmented whomever he met, whatever he touched. How proud Assunta and Angelo must be. And how lucky we all were to have known him

What sweet memories you have left in my heart! Sleep in peace my dear brother.

Welcome, Springtime! 

UNCLE PAT

The week before Christmas, my Uncle Pat died. What a horrible shock. Not Uncle Pat. Not such a wonderful man, I said. I know a part of many of us died, too. Somehow you never quite get used to this business of losing such loved ones.

When I was very young and the family got together for visits, Uncle Pat would play games with us. He always made time to sit and talk to us; he made us feel like what we said really mattered. That means a lot when you're a kid.

Through the years, I grew to admire Uncle Pat's loving ways; his truthfulness, his generosity, his sense of humor. At a birthday get together for my dad a few years back, I found out that our senses of humor were really alike. We sat in the corner of the room that night laughing the whole time. I felt so good; I hated to leave him that night.

Continued on Page 4

OUR BROTHER, PAT CHIANESE

I just thought I would like to write a little article about my brother, Pat. It's been just about six weeks since he passed away, but it could be years and I know I'll still think of him every day. What a guy we lost! He was always there for anyone who wanted him to listen. He always took the time to call if he didn't hear from me for a couple of weeks, always asking "how're the kids?"

I think one of the things Pat enjoyed most was talking about the old times when we all lived together as children. We never had much in those days, but we were happy, even without the things that children get today. We would reminisce about Christmas times when our stockings usually held nuts and oranges, and when we were lucky when an uncle would give us a fifty-cent piece on Christmas morning. Pat, Jane, Fred and I often talked about this when we were together.

Continued on Page 4

OUR BROTHER, PAT CHIANESE (From p.3)

There's one story about Pat I want to share with all of you as I don't think everyone knew about this except perhaps his own family. Pat was, as you know, very humble. He spent five years in the service, mostly in Alaska. He never mentioned any stories about what went on there, but I did manage to get one story out of him many years after he was discharged. It seems Pat was walking in high snow somewhere in the Aleutian Islands when somehow he became lost and was buried deep in the snow. The way he told it to me was that only his hand was sticking out of the snow in which he was buried. The Eskimos took him into their tent and rubbed his hands with their urine, as they had no hot water. When they finally managed to get help for him, he said he heard one of the doctors say "We may have to amputate his arm." But God gave Pat a second chance at life that day, and also saved his arm. This is the only story I ever could get Pat to disclose, but I'm sure there were many!

We all know from different situations through the years what kind of guy we all lost. What a brother, what a friend, and even you could say a counselor for some of our children, and their children. He had a way of making you feel good after leaving him.

Pat worried about everyone, and I mean everyone! When I spoke to him last, which was the morning he was to go to the hospital, he spoke with love about his work and his family, especially his many grandchildren. The last words we spoke that morning were when I said to him "I'm so glad I have good brothers" and he answered, "that goes double for me for sisters." Those were the last words we said to each other, and I'm so glad we had that conversation, as we never did much hugging and kissing in our family in the younger days.

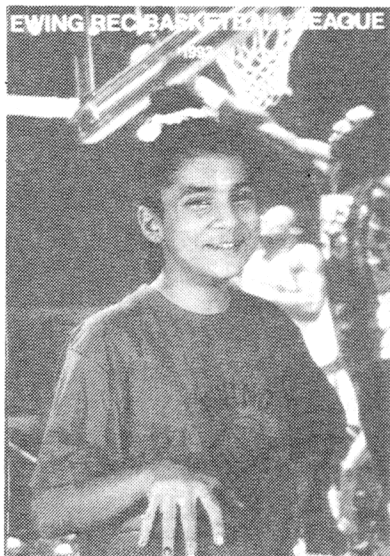
In thinking about Pat's passing, it is comforting to think that God took him quickly so as not to let him suffer, because he was too good. He took Pat at Christmas so that when we see the Christmas lights each year, we will remember those twinkling eyes of Pat!

I better sign off now, as tears are wetting this letter. If only tears could bring him back, he would be here with us.

In closing, I would like to say I love you all, and Jane, if you ever need us for anything, we will be there for you. You will always be our sister. An extra "I love you" to you, Jane. You were the perfect partner for Pat, with the same traits and personality, and of course we all know how much Pat adored you.

We love you Pat, and hope someday we'll all see you again! We're all going to have to be extra good to be where you are. Love you all.

Pat's Sister,
Lena Esposito



KRISTEENA ANTHONY, daughter of Jacalyn Anthony, was recently honored with two trophies for basketball. Kristeena played with the Lakers Basketball Team. The Lakers were undefeated for the entire season. Also, they were the Champions in the Ewing Athletic Recreational League. Kristeena was chosen for the All-Star Team in Ewing.

Kristeena attends the Antheil School. She is pursuing dancing and will perform at the War Memorial Building in June, dancing five different selections.

NOTICE TO LA VIGNA READERS

Unfortunately, we are not able to include all the articles and letters to the editor which were received for this issue. Our apologies.

UNCLE PAT - Cont'd from P. 1

Uncle Pat was a thoughtful man. I remember when I was pregnant with Alicia (about 8 3/4 mos. pregnant). He called me out of the blue. I was due any day and I was feeling like the only person in the world (Moms, you know what I mean). The sound of his voice and knowing he was thinking of me, being so close to giving birth for the first time, somehow gave me a little more strength to do so and our conversation took the edge off, too. It meant so much to me.

I feel so sad right now thinking I'll never see his smiling face again. I didn't see him that often, but every meeting left an impression. He and Aunt Jane have always been a symbol of genuine humanity. It shows through every one of their children, too. I will always be proud to be a relation to them.

I think that I am especially lucky to be related to all of my dad's family. Each one: Uncle Leo, Pat and Joe, Aunt Lena and Sue are all beautiful and very special people. I know that I am blessed by the love they have shown me.

There's some consolation knowing that Uncle Pat sits with my mom until one day, if I'm lucky enough, I'll be with them again. Uncle Pat, I can't express here the love in my heart for you, but I will surely miss you, dear man, as so, so many will.

By Lilia Chianese Sciscio

Think About It (Cont'd from P. 3)

Failure of the younger generations to fulfill their responsibility inevitably will lead to the reluctant utterances of the phrase "La Vigna WAS a fine informative family newspaper. I wonder what happened?" It is encouraging to see one (fourth generation) family member, William Bilancio, conscientiously contributing his energies and talents to "keep La Vigna going".

Is the third and or the fourth generation listening? ?

The Premier issue of La Vigna was dated February 1984. To date twenty eight (28) issues of La Vigna have been published. See list below. The late Rose C. Bilancio designed La Vigna's Masthead.

The name La Vigna means "the vineyard" in Italian. La Vigna is a place where family and friends gather together to share views, thoughts and affection. The grapevines themselves are a binding force as well as bearers of sweet fruit." (This quote was taken from the Premier issue of La Vigna and was written by Corinne Bilancio).

How many of La Vigna readers have maintained a reasonably complete file of La Vigna? ? Check the list below against your personal file.

1984	1988
February -Premier Issue	April-Spring Issue
July	June-Summer Issue
October	December-Holiday Issue
Christmas Issue	1989
1985	June -Spring Issue
April	December-Christmas Issue
July	1990
December	Summer Issue-July
1986	December-Christmas Issue
March	1991
Summer Issue	Summer Issue-June
October	Autumn Issue-September
Christmas Issue	December-Christmas Issue
1987	1992
April	April-Spring Issue
July	July-Summer Issue
First Senior Issue -September	Christmas Issue
Christmas Issue	

"THE SIX"

Pasquale, Giuseppe, Nicola, Pietro, Antonetta and Alfonso

By Robert B. Immordino

Over fifty years ago I was courting a sweet, sensitive, intelligent young lady with the birth name of Eugenia (aka Jennie) Bilancio. In the course of the courtship I ultimately met her father Nicola, his brothers Pasquale, Giuseppe, Pietro (Uncle Charlie), Alfonso and his sister Antonetta.

Sometime after having met "The Six" it occurred to me that a study of these six vital interesting individuals (all Italian immigrants) could very well provide a stimulating subject for an interesting book.

About a year after marrying Jennie I began depositing notes and diverse pieces of acquired information (on these individuals) into a general file titled "The Six". That ritual continued intermittently for many years.

"The Six" unfortunately are no longer with us, the last one, Uncle Al left us in 1990, at age 95. Yet they have left us much to be thankful for. All of them except for Uncle Charlie left one or more children. Those children have given them numerous grandchildren; the grandchildren, in turn, have given birth to many great grandchildren. Life goes on,

Although the envisioned "book" has not materialized, as yet, hopefully one or more of their respective children or grand children may be inspired to write an article, essay or booklet on their celebrated immigrant ancestor. Carolyn Immordino MacLeod was moved to write about her grandfather Nicola Bilancio when she attended Trenton High School. That item was later reprinted in a 1984 issue of La Vigna. Franny Bilancio wrote several articles about his grandfather Giuseppe Bilancio. They appeared in the 1985 and 1987 issues of La Vigna. Fran also wrote a tribute to Uncle Al appearing in the Christmas 1990 Issue of La Vigna.. Who is next among the third or fourth generation to be writing an article or essay about one of "THE SIX"? How soon can we expect to hear from you? When we do be assured you'll feel better for having done it.

"What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us.

"What we have done for others and the world is immortal."

Albert Pine

SUZANNE'S JOURNAL - DECEMBER 20, 1992

I must say that this has been one of the saddest days of my life. I found out that my Uncle Pat (the "ace" and the "gem" as my mom would alternately call him) had passed away. Michael and I went to my parents' house right away. We were very worried about my Mom, because she loved Uncle Pat so very very much. She always said he was more than a brother--he was her "friend, like a second father". He knew how much she loved him; and she knew how much he loved her.

We're back home now. I'm sitting here, in the living room, with the lights off, except for a couple of Christmas lights. I can't help thinking of all the fond memories of Christmases at their house. I have many fond memories of their family. There's a card on my fireplace--it's from Uncle Pat and Aunt Jane. It's a beautiful card, with a big Christmas tree on it. It reminds me of the trees they always had--big and beautiful.

I just looked at the angel that I had made as a child in school. I had put the card right next to it when I received it. When I looked at the angel, our wind chimes rang on the front porch. In all this time that I've been sitting here, they rang just once. I just know that you already have your wings, Uncle Pat!

Suzanne Roth (Lena (Chianese) and Fred Esposito's daughter)

SUSAN C SLANINKA-1st daughter of Pat

"Life is precious. I will never take my life for granted again."

My Dad died on December 20, 1992 and I feel as though the joy in my life has been snatched away from me. I am so very grateful to have been in the hospital just minutes before my Dad's death and yet I am still in shock that it happened. His diagnosis on this last admission to the hospital had been a "mild" heart attack and he was expecting to be discharged on Wednesday, December 23. We were all so glad, especially Dad, as he hated being in the hospital.

When Mom, Kathy, and I visited that Sunday, Dad was out of bed, his color was good, he ate a full meal, and we joked and talked for the 1/2 visit we were allowed in the Cardiac Care Unit. Just minutes after we left to talk to the nurse and look at his chart, the alarms went off and everyone was rushing into my Dad's room to "code" him. As scary as that event was, I was convinced that he would be fine as I had seen so many people survive a "code." Needless to say, that wasn't the case for my Dad. The doctor assured us that they had tried so very hard, but they had not been successful in saving my Dad. He assured us that Dad had not suffered and had no pain, but we were all in shock.

The doctor and nursing supervisor were so supportive and stayed with us and called my other three sisters to the hospital. I will never forget the volunteer who saw how distressed I was as I waited for Mary Lynn in the lobby. Knowing he couldn't do anything, he asked if I needed a hug... his kindness was clearly a sign to me that my Dad was continuing to take care of me through one of his angels. After my sisters arrived, we got a chance to say our first goodbye to Dad in his hospital room. He was still so very warm and looked like he was simply "resting his eyes" as he had insisted he was doing so many times as he snored away in the den watching television. The hospital room felt so safe and I didn't want to leave him there, but after about 45 minutes of crying and talking, we eventually did go home and the grieving process began. The viewing and funeral were very difficult, but at the same time so comforting. There were so many people who loved my Dad that we were there for hours. Literally a thousand people came to pay their respects and tried to give back to us all the love that my Dad had given to so many. It was unbelievable! But now, the grieving process continues...

My memories of my Dad are helping me cope during this very difficult time. I can remember as a little girl many trips to the park to feed the ducks or ride on the white pony. I remember Sundays in Nana's house around the big kitchen table with lots of food and laughter. I remember my Dad working very long hours and yet always coming into the house with a smile and a song for my Mom who he loved so very much.

As I grew older, my memories are a little clearer. A very significant memory for me is when Dad would wake me up in the morning for school. I have always hated mornings and loved sleeping late. First call was Dad yelling up the stairs to say it was time to get up. Of course, that never worked. Second call was Dad in my room laughing and singing to wake me up. The more disgruntled I was with his cheerfulness at that hour of the day, the more he would laugh. Recently I've been waking up much earlier than I need to and I'm convinced that it's my Dad and his sense of humor even in heaven.

My Dad loved water fights. I can remember one day in particular when he was walking back from the beach and I was waiting on the balcony with a bucket of cold water which I threw on him. It's a wonder he didn't have a heart attack that day, but I guess God knew we needed him a bit longer. He retaliated later that day by squirting the hose through the dining room window while I was eating lunch.

Dad loved to play cards and taught us to steal the pot, fish, etc. When we would "teach" him a card game like hearts, he would "pretend" that he didn't know how to play and laugh when he caught us off guard and "shot the moon." I remember his love of music and how each of us learned to play the piano since he never had that chance. He would listen to us with the same enthusiasm for Bone Sweet Bone as to a Mozart Concerto.

My Dad was so kind and gentle. He never hit me and I honestly can't even remember him raising his voice to me. He gave to everyone except himself. He had such wonderful people skills. When I was a teenager, I had the opportunity to work at Economy with all the guys. He was so patient with me and allowed me to work the counter even though most of the customers wanted to be waited on by Pat rather than this young girl. He never gave in and my confidence grew as I learned more and more from him each day. He made me believe that I could do or be anything that I wanted to be.

My Dad was always outnumbered in our house with a wife and five daughters and yet he always insisted that he never wanted a son. I have heard from so many people how often he talked of his five daughters and how proud he was of each of us. There is no question that he made us believe in ourselves long before Women's Liberation was even in vogue.

Time with my Dad was limited and precious as the business took him away from me so much of my life. Conversations just between he and I were so rare as our house is always so full of people. He only wrote me one letter when I was away at college and if I had known it would be the only one I

would ever receive, I would have saved it. At the time, I thought there would be many more. I can remember being so surprised by a phone call from him one day from work just to talk. I felt so special that day. I loved hearing his stories of how my Mom and Dad met, times in the army with Spence and Van Burgen, working in the bakery and delivering bread in the early morning, Catholic school as a kid, and family times on Bayard Street. I only saw my Dad cry twice. Once was when Nana died and in the past year when he was hospitalized and had a special moment with my sister Kathy and I. I will never forget that day.

My favorite times with my Dad were at the shore... walking the beach, collecting shells, making sand castles, or just getting so very brown. I can remember his enjoyment during those days of watching me raise my own children and laughing when they would act just like I did as a child. A parent's revenge can be a source of humor for many grandparents

LATEST FROM LEAH

Hi Everybody!

Alot has happened since I introduced myself in my last letter to LaVigna. I'm writing to let you know all the fun things I've been doing lately.

In December I celebrated my first Christmas. I was with my Grandma & PapPap Iafrate in the Ohio Valley and all my wonderful relatives that I've there. Then my Mommy and Poppy and I flew to Atlanta Georgia and I met my cousin Jonathan Spillers. I helped Jonathan celebrate his First Birthday on December 31st. And while I was visiting with my family on the East Coast, I learned how to walk like a big girl--All by myself!

When we came home to Los Angeles California, it rained and rained and rained, but now it's okay there's lots of sunshine again.



On February 13 1993 my Mommy and Poppy had a big birthday party for my first birthday. Now I am one year old. My party was "one"derful. I wish you all could have been here to see me blow out my birthday candle. It's really fun to be One.

Well the excitement continues...Next weekend my cousin Robert and his mommy Roberta and his daddy Dan are coming to visit me. I can't wait to meet them.

I hope all of you are staying warm indoors out of the cold and showery weather. Pretty soon the Easter Bunny will be coming and so will Springtime.

HAPPY EASTER EVERYBODY!

HAPPY SPRINGTIME, TOO.

Love, Leah Bilancio

Christmas will never be the same for any of us. I am comforted knowing that my Dad is at peace relaxing on a beach and sending sunshine down to all of us. When he reached the gates of heaven, St. Peter said: "Oh, that's Pat Chianese, just let him right in, he was so good to everyone, he doesn't need to go through the judgement day." I picture him talking to God and all the angels telling them about his wife, his five daughters, his grandchildren, and all the other people whose lives he touched.

God, please take good care of my Dad until I see him again. I will miss him terribly!

LA VIGNA FAMILY PICNIC - JULY 11

The annual picnic, celebrating La Vigna's tenth year, will be held at 90 Eggerts Crossing Road, Lawrenceville, New Jersey. All are invited. Come early in the afternoon. Food will be spread and "unveiled" at 3:15.

For our eating pleasure, La Vigna suggests that each family bring a covered dish for 10-12 to share with everyone & beverage for yourselves. There will be a fire for any necessary cooking.

Feel free to bring game equipment if you like. Bocce, quoits and volleyball will be available for everyone to enjoy.

For further information and/or directions, please call Clara at 609)882-2448.

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THE CHAMBERSBURG STROLL

MAY 22, 1993

C O M E J O I N U S

Saturday, May 22 at 4:30 we will meet at Mario's Restaurant, 293 Ashmore Avenue for dinner. Please make your selection and mail it with your check for \$13.00. You Read Right... just \$13.00. We will have a salad, pencils points, vegetable, bread and butter, coffee and tea and one selection to choose...

Veal Parmigiano

Chicken Cacciatora

Eggplant Parmigiano

Stuffed Chicken Breast

Broiled Flounder

Please mail this by May 10, 1993 to : Lorraine Anthony, 2526 Kuser Rd. Hamilton, NJ 08619.

If you decide to join us for the Stroll Only, we will begin approximately 6:30 so catch up with us at Mario's or walking through Bayard, Butler, Elmer, Mott etc. Bring your walking shoes and plenty of memories to share. If you have pictures of Chambersburg bring them with you to share with us. We will tape our walk and it will be a great history record for our families.

See you then for an evening of fun, friendship and sharing our past together...

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Pat's Daughter Speaks - continued from P. 1

He always boosted your confidence making you feel special in some way. I'll never forget how he would ask me over and over again; Are you ready to go into your own business yet? Telling me that I would be good at it. I was such a wanderlust that it was the last idea I had in my younger days. But he planted the seed in my brain that I would be good at it and that I could do it. And with his help and encouragement it happened. He was my best teacher and mentor in business and I cherish the time I spent working with him, as I'm sure a lot of you do. He had such a relaxed style that I truly admired.

The strongest and most wonderful feelings I have about my father is one of pride. I am so very proud of my dad and his accomplishments as a human being. He gave so much of himself to everyone around him. And he didn't just touch the lives of so many, he embraced their lives. Anyone who has ever known Dad has only kind words and a story to tell of how he helped them. He never said anything bad about anyone. He had the patience and understanding of a saint.

My dad gave so very much but he had a very difficult time when you wanted to give something to him. I think the only gift I could give him without him being almost awkward about it was when we would rent a house at the shore. He'd take long walks every morning. Then we'd relax by the water's edge in our beach chairs just talking and talking until the sun baked us brown. I truly feel fortunate to have been blessed with such a wonderful man for my father. Today I am extremely sad that I will not be able to see my father or hear his words of wisdom and encouragement again. But I am confident that like Clarence in "It's a Wonderful Life", he is a guardian angel watching over all of us and sitting right next to God. The Lord has a wonderful advisor in heaven with him now. And I pray, Dad, that you can hear me now when I say you will be missed more than words can say, but your wisdom and compassion will live in our hearts forever and ever.

We love you Dad.
God Bless You.

By Mary Lynn Nazzaro, Pat & Jane's oldest daughter

LA CUCINA

One of Pat Chianese's favorite foods was Broccoli Rabe, also known as Broccoli di Rape.

1 pound tender bright green rabe
Quarter cup of Olive oil
1 Tablespoon fine minced garlic
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut off and discard bottom stalks. Tender leaves and stems plus the buds of the vegetable should be left intact. Wash well, in cold water, drain in colander. Steam vegetable in small amount of water, until tender. Drain well. Add the garlic and salt/pepper. Toss the mixture and enjoy the eating with good crusty Italian bread. Four servings.

Submitted by Jennie Bilancio Immordino.

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